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Beneath The Full Moon

Sourdough Jackson

Come, I will sing it in your ear:
Your dancing days are come.
All the feeling you hold dear
Will lift your spirit some;
Dance until the rosey dawn
All in a gay, glad rag.
I carry the Sun in a golden cup,
The Moon in a silver bag.

And I will sing you merrily
Into my ring of dooms,
And I will twine into your hair
A wreath of maiden blooms.
You'll turn, when dancing days wane low
To Crone, but not to Hag.
I carry the Sun in a golden cup,
The Moon in a silver bag.

As Maiden grows to Mother,
And Mother into Crone,
Dance, My darling daughter,
Beneath My rounded Moon.
Dance in argent splendor
Until your spirits flag.
I carry the Sun in a golden cup,
The Moon in a silver bag.

The Lizard King-"I am the Lizard King; I can do anything."(1:104/45.5)

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Quote of the moment:

When life gives you a lemon, say 'Lemons? I like lemons. What else have you got?'

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